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Caspar—The army is the place to learn better, tho'; ha! ha! How do your sharp-shooters manage, thinkst thou, when they pick down their man out of the thickest cannon smoke? Or hast never considered how the king of Sweden, spite of his buffalo's jacket, fell at Lutzen? Two silver bullets were the secret of it;—ay, ay, your smart man knows that; but to things of that sort, there are other arts required than just to take aim, and pull the trigger.

Max—(Still contemplating the eagle.) The shot is incredible—in dark twilight—hurled from the clouds—can it be real?

Caspar—To be sure, there is some difference, too, between blowing the daylight out of a poor son of clay, from behind an ambush, and ensuring a ranger-ship, and a charming girl to boot, by a lucky shot.

Max—(Meditating.) Hast thou any more such bullets?

Caspar—It was the last;—they are just out.

Max—Art thou become, on a sudden, so sparing of thy words? Just out! how mean you?

Caspar—Because more may be had to-night.

Max—To-night?

Caspar—Yes, faith: the sun is now propitious for three successive days,—to-day is the middle one; to-day at midnight, there will be a total eclipse of the moon. Max! consider! Thy fate is under the influence of propitious planets! Thou art chosen for mighty things! This very night, the eve of that morrow on which thou art to do the trial-shot, and earn a noble office, and a lovely bride;—in the very moment when you stand so much in need of assistance from the secret powers, nature offers herself to your service!

Max—Well! It is my fate that wills it; get me such a bullet.

Caspar—More than thou needest. But art thou a man, and requirest a tutor?

Max—How are they to be obtained?

Caspar—That I will teach thee, meet me punctually at twelve to-night, in the Wolf's Glen.

Max—At midnight! in the Wolf's Glen? No; the glen is haunted; and at midnight the gates of hell are opened.

Caspar—Pshaw! How thou drestest! And yet I cannot resign thee to thy unlucky stars; I am thy friend, I will help thee to cast the bullets.

Max—No, no.

Caspar—So, then, be the people's laughing-stock to-morrow,—reign the ranger-ship and Agatha. I say, I am thy friend; I myself will help thee to cast them; but thou must be present.

Max—Thy tongue is smooth; yet no—an honest huntsman dares not think upon such things.

Caspar—Coward! So thou wouldst purchase thy good fortune at the risk of others only—if risk, indeed, there were; dost thou believe thine own guilt would therefore be the less?—if guilt, indeed, there were; dost thou believe this guilt, if guilt it be, does not weigh on thee already?—striking out the wings of the eagle.—Dost thou believe this eagle was given thee for nothing?

Max—Dreadful thought, if thou speak'st truly.

Caspar—Strange! that thou shouldst question thus. But ingratitude is the coin in which the world pays. Well, I'll cut myself off a wing of the bird, that I, at least, may have some share on't.—*Cuts off a wing.*—Droll enough! Thou dardest this shot to comfort Agatha, and wastest courage, now, to win the prize for ever—the waxen puppet who cast me off for thy sake, would hardly believe this: *(Aside.)* But that shall be revenged!

Max—Wretch! I have courage—

Caspar—Prove it, then! Since thou hast used a charmed bullet, tis but a child's play, surely, to cast some. It is easy for thee to judge, from thy late unsuccessful attempts, what will be the consequence of rejecting the assistance which is now offered thee; the girl is mad for thee—cannot live without thee; she will become desperate;—and thou!—wilt crawl about, the mockery of all men: perhaps, despair may drive thee to—*(Presses his hands to his eyes, as if to stop his tears.)* Shame on thyself, rough forester; that thou shouldst love him better than he loves himself. *(Aside.)* Help, Zaniel!

Max—Agatha die! myself springing from a precipice! yes, that would be the end on't;—*(Holds out his hand to Caspar.)* By Agatha's dead life, I will attend!

(Zaniel, who has appeared listening during the latter part of the conversation, nods and vanishes.)

Caspar—Be silent to all the world! this might endanger thee and me;—at twelve, I shall expect thee.

Max—I betray thee! At twelve, I shall be there.

(Exit Max hastily.)

(Caspar looks after him for some time, with silent malignity, it has now become quite dark.)

Air—Caspar.

Peace! peace! that no one now may warn thee;
Hell with its snares has bound him:
Nought can of the spell disarm thee.—
Spirits of darkness hover round him:
I see him gnashing in your chains,
Triumph welcome—hail revenge!

(Exit opposite side.)

End of the First Act.

R.

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

SONNET OF DANTE.

(Not printed in any edition of his Works.)

IN LODE DI BEATRICE.

Tanto gentile e tanta onesta appare
La Donna mia quando altrui saluta
Che ogni lingua divien tremando muta
E gli occhi non l'ardescon di guardare:
Ella sen va sentendosi laudare
Soavemente d'onesta vestuta
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.
Mostrarsi sì piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che 'ntender non la può chi non la prova;
E par che dalle sue luci si muova
Un spirto soave e pieno d'amore,
Che va dicendo all'anima—"Sospira!"

TRANSLATION.

Whome'er my mistress may but chance salute,
So nobly sweet her courtesy amaze
Binds every tongue in trembling worship mute,
And eyes but glancing where they dare not gaze.

Cloth'd in the majesty of pure intent
She passes on, well conscious of her praise;
And seems a thing from Heaven divinely sent,
A miracle for earth's degraded days.

Her gracious presence wins all hearts, at sight,
With more than picture-pleasure, deep delight;
As none can understand but they who prove;
Some gentle spirit, sure, must haunt her eye,
Which, born of tenderness, and winged with love,
Says to the soul of her beholders—"Sigh!"

* This will remind our classical readers of a part of Tibullus's "Lus Sulpiciae."

"Ilam, quidquid agit, quonquid vestigia fecit,
Composit furim subsequiturque decor. &c."

SONETTO DI ALFIERI.

(Not included in his published Works.)

SIENA.

Siena, dal colle, ove torreggia, e siede
Vede venir pel piano, afflitta, errante,
Donna di grinzoso alto sembiante,
Che movea di ver arno ligada il piede.

Chi mai sarà? l'un s'invia, all'altro chiede,
Ma sin qual vuol, o con vece di piante
Incontrarla ciascuna esca festante
Per far di nostra gentilezza fede.

Era colei la Cortesia, che in bondo
Usata di Flora, e al Tevere inne credea,
Forse non meglio l'orme sue drizzando
Ma de Sanese il bel parlar le fea.
Forza così, che non più innanzi andando
Tempio, e Culto fra loro ebbe qual Dea.

TRANSLATION.

Raised on her hilly tower Sienna saw
A lady wandering lonely o'er the plain:
Her look was grace, to charm, at once, and awe;
She seemed from Arno come, and mov'd in pain.

What stranger this? scholar to scholar cried;
But, be she who she may, all hurry down
To give her festive entrance, and provide
Such welcome as befits their gentle town.

It was fair Courtesy—in exiled flight,
She thought from Florence Tiber's banks to reach;
But prosperous chance, it seems, had brought her
Right.

For the sweet violence of their magic speech
So wrought on her, she would no farther roam
But at Sienna fixed her temple and her home.

W. E.

TRANSLATION OF THE ITALIAN SONNET IN NUMBER XX.

O sweet, secluded, solitary shade!
My wearied thoughts' asylum from despair!
While Boreas, now, in days that swiftly fade,
In frost appalling shrouds the earth and air,
And thy green tresses—ancient locks like mine
Disguises quite, in drapery of snow;
Whilst flowers no more in vernal garb enshrine
Thy frozen glades, that winter's voice show.
Mournfully now, at this o'erclouded light
I roam—reflecting 'twill this frame decayed,
And spirit serve: for these have felt their blight!
On me more chill a freezing stroke has weighed,
More cruel Eurus wafts my winter's night,
(Ah, night too long!) and days in gloom arrayed!

H. Y.

DREAMS.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

And how, and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—*perchance the dead*—*and*,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

Our life is two-fold, waking and sleeping;
but we have somewhat more controul over our open-eyed than our dreaming fancies. It is not the thoughts which most engross our minds during the day that are aptest to recur in the silent watches of the night season. We dream more often of those old associations which have momentarily flitted across our imagination, called into brief but vivid existence by some of the countless circumstances so exquisitely enumerated by the noble bard in those stanzas just repeated: come then gentle reader, and dream three dreams with me, if you are very idle:—

I was in St. Patrick's cathedral, walking alone up and down the long and melancholy aisles, the time was after twilight, and the darkness was coming on fast, and dense and cold; the rain in large heavy drops was pattering against the panes of the lofty and ancient windows, while the wind at intervals howled with that dreary and comfortless sound with which it means so complainingly through the woods in winter. There I was—walking backwards and forwards I knew not why—chilled to the very bones by the vast solitude and dampness—my heart also was chilled, weighed down with a shadowy foreboding that I was there to hear of some calamity, and that I should come to the mournful knowledge soon. I was arrayed in the black habit of a chief mourner for the dead—I gazed intently on the old monuments and almost worn-out inscriptions, and I thought they all changed to my eye, and that the name on all was the same, and I struggled hard to read it, and could not. A strain of wild but solemn music now rose upon my ear, and then died away in lingering echoes through the vaulted galleries, again it rose accompanied by the rich and mellowing swell of the noble organ, it was the funeral anthem, and I heard the words sung mournfully but distinctly, while the soft gushes of rich harmony stole along the rafters of the rude unplastered roof.

I heard and burst into tears: then I observed at a distance, a figure intently employed upon a slab, by the dim light of a dying lamp, and I thought that often it directed its observation towards me, and then again resumed its occupation; I drew near, I perceived a man wrapped in a large sable cloak, the hood of which was drawn over his features, carving a small monument of black marble. He turned away his face, but held up the lamp so that I could plainly read

Sacred to the Memory
of

She died young and happy,
1828.